SAMARA

1945



"SUCCESS IS NAUGHT; ENDEAVOUR'S ALL"

—BROWNING

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ELMWOOD FROM THE GROUNDS

DOROTHY URITH WOOD

ELMWOOD has suffered a great loss in the death of Miss Wood, for the past two years a valued member of the teaching staff. Miss Wood was an English specialist, but in addition she showed great versatility in the number of subjects she was qualified to teach—history, science, French and Latin. As a form mistress, she was always zealous for the high standing of her form both in work and in conduct; she had a fine understanding of each individual girl and was always ready to plead her cause with others when discipline had to be exercised.

Miss Wood was a member of the Rockcliffe Nursing Division of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, and her fellow-members have paid tribute to her skill and faithfulness. She never took the easy way for herself, but continued her voluntary service at the Water Street Hospital, giving willing care to others even when she, herself, was in need of care. Some of those who ministered with her realized that at times she was much more ill than the patients for whom she cared. Her regular attendance at meetings of the Rockcliffe Division, too, proved her willingness to help even when the effort was nearly beyond her.

Her courageous spirit was an inspiration to everyone; during the past year when her health was such as to cause her, at times, considerable suffering, she was remarkable in that she succeeded in never letting it cast a shadow over other people. Her greatest joy was in the rendering of service to others, and beneath her quiet, retiring disposition, there lay a gay sense of humour. It can truly be said of her that those who knew her best appreciated her most. So, during the comparatively short time she was with us, she became a part of the Elmwood pattern and the design is the richer for the part she wove into it. Our lives are the better for having known her.



MISS WOOD
JUNE 1945

We are told that "Service is the rent we pay for our room on earth"—no one paid that rent more fully than Dorothy Wood.

Elmwood
Rockcliffe Park
Ottawa

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EXCHANGES

The Ammonite	St. Hilda's School, Calgary
The Ashburian	Ashbury College, Ottawa
The Beaver Log	Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School, Montreal
Bishop's College School Magazine	Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Quebec
Edgehill Review	Edgehill, Windsor, Nova Scotia
Hatfield Hall Magazine	Hatfield Hall, Cobourg
Inter Muros	St. Clement's School, Toronto
King's Hall Magazine	King's Hall, Compton, Quebec
Lower Canada College Magazine	Lower Canada College, Montreal
Ludemus	Havergal College, Toronto
Ovenden Chronicle	Ovenden School, Barrie
Pibroch	Strathallan, Hamilton
St. Andrew's College Review	St. Andrew's College, Aurora
The Study Chronicle	The Study, Montreal
Trafalgar Echoes	Trafalgar, Montreal
Trinity University Review	University of Toronto, Toronto

"Through Service and Love"

An address given by
H. R. H. PRINCESS ALICE
at the closing exercises, June 12, 1945

I HAVE a particular interest in coming here this afternoon to present the prizes to the successful candidates, because in the first place I am Patroness of Elmwood School, and in the second place my youngest granddaughter has been a scholar of the school and has been extremely happy during the time she has been one of you. It is an added pleasure that I have been able to present her with a prize this afternoon. I shall shortly be returning to England on the conclusion of my husband, the Governor General's term of office, so that this is the last time, I regret to say, that I shall have the chance of seeing you all together. And as it is the last time, there are just two matters I would like to speak about and which I hope you will perhaps think about after I am gone.

In a school like Elmwood all you girls come from what I call privileged homes; you belong, most of you, to families who are in one way or another in positions of some importance in the community. For that reason and because you have rather more advantages than some, you have to set an example, you should give a lead in all that is best. The greater your privileges, the greater your responsibilities to others.

Now I have been rather worried about the way so many children pronounce their mother tongue, English. I do not refer to accent, there are many accents which have an historical and geographical significance. Certain counties of England each have their peculiar accent, Australia has another, South Africa another, and here in Canada you have your own. But what I warn you to be particular about is how you pronounce your words. For instance when you speak about black currants, I have heard lots of children say black "curnts." Now a "curnt" is not a word at all but a "currant" is in the dictionary. There are many, many words that are never pronounced distinctly. I had the greatest difficulty to persuade my own grandson to spell film f,i,l,m, because he pronounced it with his school friends, "flm." So if you begin as children to swallow all your words or to put a wrong accent on one of the syllables, by the time you grow up it will be difficult to understand you. Then when you have children and they cut your words it will sound like the way the bushmen of the Kalahari Desert in Africa speak, mere clicks and grunts. You are taught to write carefully as children, so that when you write rapidly as grown-ups your writing may be reasonably legible. The same thing applies to your speaking. You are fortunate at Elmwood where you study speech and voice production and exercise it in your excellent dramatic productions. But I beg of you to cultivate clear diction and the use of a wide vocabulary.

The second matter I want you to think about is courtesy. There is an ancient and famous school in England, founded 500 years ago, but even in those very faraway times their motto was, "Manners Maketh Man." Manners maketh girls, too. This does not mean good table manners or bowing and scraping; it goes far deeper than that. Emerson says manners are the happy ways of doing things, each one a stroke of genius or of love, repeated and hardened into usage. Courtesy is a quality of the heart really; and nowhere in this world do you find kinder hearts than in Canada, and yet for some funny reason

courtesy is not one of the outstanding qualities of Canadian young people.

I have a horrid feeling that lack of courtesy, that is being thoughtful and civil, is due to selfishness and disregard for what other people feel, or like, or mind. When I meet three school girls linked arm in arm on the pavement who push me off into the road, it is of no great consequence but it is very discourteous to push an old lady who might be their grandmother into the gutter. They don't mean to be rude; they just don't think. I may tell you though, I don't let myself be pushed. I stand quite still till one or another makes room for me to pass or else we should knock each other down. But that is just a crude example. Courtesy in the home means much more; it means thinking of others before self, having what is best expressed in French "des égards pour les autres," pretty little courtesies which make all the difference between people saying what a charming child that is, or saying she is quite a good child but so rough. Everything we can do in these days where we have to restore international life to the ways of peace and happiness after the bitter years of war is a help in our relations with one another. Even beginning by smoothing the ways of life in your own home is a step in the right direction. Courtesy is important amongst nations as amongst individuals.

It is the little things that count often so much more than the big ones, because they require effort on our part all the time. You remember what St. Paul so eloquently tells us, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are of good report, think on these things." I would go even further and add, act these things.

In conclusion I wish you all that is best in life and may you find your greatest happiness in being good Canadian citizens through service and love.

THE VISITOR

I found a young bee in my mug,
And I said to him, "You silly bug.
Your stinger is bent
And it's time that you went
And stopped sitting there looking smug."

Shelagh Nolan, V B
Nightingale

Peggy Edwards, V B
Keller

LIMERICK

There was a fat lady called Tore
Who at times was really a bore.
She talked on and on
While our faces looked wan
On the same thing she talked of before.

Diana Ramsay, V C
Keller

A POEM

Pat and Pip
Went for a dip
In a lake
Trying to make
A lazy bloke
Take a poke
At a dive
Instead of jive;
But when the dope
Began to mope
Pat and Pip
Cut his lip
With a strike;
Him no like.
He ran home,
So ends poem.

Pat Ballantyne, VI M
Nightingale.

Pippa McLaren, VI M
Keller.

Editorial

ELMWOOD, in welcoming back her own this fall, is embarking on what cannot help but be one of the most completely different years in all her history.

For six years now autumn has meant not only the mental pushing up of sleeves that school-day autumns have entailed since time immemorial, but also a sharing in the strengthening of the determination, "They shall not pass", felt by freedom-loving nations the world over.

Some may say—"Of course war touched us." We think of the times we worked feverishly for bazaars and plays and put our saved-up allowances into War Savings Stamps or Red Cross funds. But these examples of sharing were only a fraction of war's mark. Sometimes we may not have realized its presence—the cheers of a basketball game are quick to dispel war's horrors and our weighty school problems were often deceivingly all-important—but war's shadows never left us in all those six years, I nearly said those six long years, for viewed in the light of history they were six of the longest years the world has ever known or, we hope, will ever know—but school years even in wartime cannot be long ones.

Looking back on them there is justifiable satisfaction in knowing that our contributions in different fields have always been worth while and often conspicuous. This year the $800 made at our fourth annual Christmas Bazaar was sent to the hospital ship Letitia to be used for books. We have since had several letters from her Captain thanking us and telling us how much the books are appreciated. He has also sent us a framed picture of the Letitia and a complete list of the books purchased with our funds, and each one of us feels a very personal attachment for this Canadian Ship of Mercy.

Philippa McLaren was kept busy throughout this year at her job of selling War Savings Stamps and in addition a substantial contribution was collected for the Red Cross.

Many of us also served the war effort in a new and quite different way. Two days a week found four St. John Cadets busy at the Blood Donor Clinic performing small but necessary duties.

During what has been a year of vast changes the world over, school life too has suffered a change. Our old honour-week system was abolished at the beginning of the year as being at times unjust and after lengthy discussions and, we may be assured a great deal of midnight oil burning on Mrs. Buck's part, a new system was devised. It did not meet with immediate success, proving that conservatism and distrust of change are inbred human traits belonging to old and young alike. However, before long the new recommendation system was hailed by all as a good one and we hope it will be continued.

One more outstanding innovation must be touched on before we close. We sampled coeducation and found it very much to our liking. The occasion was the staging of "Shall We Join The Ladies" with Ashbury under Mr. Archdale's very able direction. The play was put on before a large audience whose praise marked the experiment as successful far more clearly than anything that could be said here on the subject. We hope we have started a tradition of an annual Elmwood-Ashbury play.

And now September 1945 has dawned fair and clear and we are laying the foundations for what we hope will be the ever-ascending building of peace. School days can again be the completely happy days they should be, but if this peace structure is to be all we dream of, every one of us must see to it that we never forget our responsibilities to each other as builders, and strive for nothing short of Summa Summarum—Highest of the High.

House Notes

FRY HOUSE NOTES

IN September, Fry House was glad to welcome into the House, Mrs. Campbell, Miss MacAskill, and several girls both senior and junior, but we were sorry when the first term ended and took with it Margaret Hardy, Head of Fry, who returned to England. Miss Dickie left us at the same time to be married. We wish them both happiness.

At Christmas we put on "The Rehearsal" by Maurice Baring and tied with Nightingale for second place. In the House Collections we did better and managed to come first. After a close race throughout the year, Fry finally managed to come out first in stars.

Under the able leadership of Gretchen Mathers, Fry juniors have been successful in beating both other houses in badminton, but the seniors have not been so successful.

HOUSE MEMBERS

Margaret Hardy, Betsy Allan - - Head of House
Janet Caldwell - - - Head Boarder
Barbara Christmas, Gretchen Mathers, Margot Peters, Elisabeth Rowlatt - Monitors

Martha Bate, Persis Brunet, Ann Edwards, Marianna Greene, Timmie Hamilton, Peggy Huestis, Jane Johnstone, Carol MacLaren, Judy McCulloch, Mary Patteson, Cynthia Powell, Elizabeth Ramsay, Patricia Stevens, Luella Wills.

Staff: Miss Chappell, Miss Dixon, Mrs. Campbell, Miss MacAskill.

The teams this year are as follows:

SENIOR BASKET-BALL

Centre forward - - - Gretchen Mathers
Centre guard - - - Betsy Allen
Forwards - - - - Elisabeth Rowlatt, Janet Caldwell
Guards - - - - - Margot Peters, Margaret Hardy

JUNIOR BASKET-BALL

Centre forward - - - Carol MacLaren
Centre guard - - - Luella Wills
Forwards - - - - Martha Bate, Judy McCulloch
Guards - - - - - Mary Patteson, Jane Johnstone

SENIOR BADMINTON

First singles - - - - Gretchen Mathers
Second singles - - - Margot Peters
Doubles - - - - - Janet Caldwell, Carol MacLaren

JUNIOR BADMINTON

First singles - - - - Judy McCulloch
Second singles - - - Marianna Greene
Doubles - - - - - Ann Edwards, Luella Wills

TENNIS

First singles - - - - Cynthia Powell
Second singles - - - Peggy Huestis
Doubles - - - - - Gretchen Mathers, Timmie Hamilton

Fry congratulates its prize winners of 1944 and of 1945.

PRIZE WINNERS OF 1943-1944

School proficiency - - Margaret Hardy
Improvement - - - Persis Brunet, Elizabeth Ramsay
Proficiency - - - - Ann Edwards
Art - - - - - - - Gretchen Mathers

PRIZE WINNERS OF 1944-1945

Summa Summarum - Janet Caldwell
Philpot Token - - - Marianna Greene
Proficiency - - - - Gretchen Mathers, Ann Edwards
Poetry - - - - - - Elisabeth Rowlatt
Public Speaking - - Elisabeth Rowlatt
Special commendation - - - Margot Peters, Elizabeth Ramsay, Judy McCulloch, Patricia Stevens



FRY HOUSE



FRY SENIOR BADMINTON



FRY JUNIOR BADMINTON



FRY JUNIOR
BASKETBALL



FRY SENIOR BASKETBALL



FRY TENNIS



KELLER HOUSE



KELLER SENIOR BASKETBALL



KELLER JUNIOR BASKETBALL



KELLER TENNIS



KELLER JUNIOR BADMINTON



KELLER SENIOR BADMINTON

KELLER HOUSE NOTES

WE members of Keller returned to school in September with high hopes for the coming year and with determination to live up to our motto "Fair Play" and maintain our high ideals. The eight new girls and juniors who entered the house made our number eighteen; they immediately pulled their weight with the old girls to bring Keller success.

Not only Keller but also the whole school was deprived of a friend when Miss Graham left for England with the St. John Ambulance Brigade shortly after Christmas. Miss Graham always gave us her help and support and we miss her a great deal.

Although we were leading the race for the house shield until Easter, we were beaten by Fry in the last lap by only a few stars. One of Keller's aims was reached, however, when we took first place in the house plays. Our play was "Perchance to Dream" and we can assure you that pie plates thrown down the back stairs made a very realistic sound-effect for a train wreck. Keller also came second to Fry in the house collections. We gained two of our biggest victories in the sports field by winning both the Badminton Cup and the Tennis Shield for the fourth time in succession.

Unfortunately we were soundly trounced by Nightingale and Fry on Sports Day but we came a close second to Nightingale in the battle for the Basketball Shield.

HOUSE MEMBERS

Janet Edwards	Head of House
Philippa McLaren	Prefect
Anna Cameron	House senior
Suzanne Mess	House senior
Jane MacKeen	Monitor

Elizabeth Wyatt, Annabelle Godfrey, Betty Mayer, Joan Huestis, Joanna Rowlatt, Peggy Edwards, Diana Ramsay, Sascha Mavor, Betsy Alexandor, Shirley Heintzman, Margot Leonard, Phyllis Mayburry, Joan Toller.

Staff: Mademoiselle Juge, Mrs. Knight, Miss Adams, Mr. McTavish.

The House Teams this year are:

SENIOR BASKET BALL

Centre Forward	J. Edwards
Centre Guard	S. Mess
Forwards	P. McLaren
	J. McKeen
Guards	J. Huestis
	A. Godfrey

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Centre Forward	D. Ramsay
Centre Guard	J. Rowlatt
Forwards	P. Mayburry
	S. Heintzman
Guards	S. Mavor
	M. Leonard

SENIOR BADMINTON

First Singles	J. Edwards
Second Singles	P. McLaren
Doubles	A. Cameron
	J. McKeen

JUNIOR BADMINTON

First Singles	S. Mavor
Second Singles	M. Leonard
Doubles	S. Heintzman
	P. Mayburry

TENNIS

First Singles	J. Edwards
Second Singles	P. McLaren
Doubles	A. Cameron
	A. Godfrey

Keller congratulates its prize winners of 1944 and of 1945.

PRIZE WINNERS OF 1943-44

Good General Improvement	Sascha Mavor
Proficiency	Janet Edwards
	Anna Cameron
	Joanna Rowlatt
English	Ann Protheroe
Dramatics	Janet Edwards
	Anna Cameron

(*Continued on Page 36*)

NIGHTINGALE HOUSE NOTES

NIGHTINGALE finished the year 1943-44 with colours flying, receiving with justifiable satisfaction both the House Shield and the Sports Shield. This June, although we lost the House Shield to Fry, we re-won the Sports Shield, thus keeping up Nightingale's excellent sports tradition. Judy Nesbitt and Shelagh Nolan are to be especially commended for their excellent showing in stars.

In house collections at Christmas, we were outshone by Keller and Fry but much to our delight our play, "House Full" was chosen to be put on at the Bazaar.

With Paula Peters as Sports Captain and Pat Ballantyne as Vice Sports Captain we have gone into Badminton, Tennis and Basketball enthusiastically if not always successfully. Keller won the Badminton and Tennis and after the winter we finally emerged as victors in junior and senior Basketball.

We would like to welcome all the new girls to the house and commend them for the admirable way they have lived up to our House Motto, "Non Nobis Solum"—Not for Ourselves Alone.

We also want to wish the very best of luck to all who have left the school and Nightingale this year, and to those lucky ones who are left go our best wishes and the hope that they will be as fond and proud of Nightingale as we have been.

HOUSE MEMBERS

Head of House	Lois Davidson
Head Girl	Ruth Osler
House Seniors	Paula Peters
Monitor	Pauline Coulson

Margot Avery, Patricia Ballantyne, Norah Cameron, Lexia Clark, Angela Christensen, Heather Cumyn, Jean Elliot, Wendy Hughson, Wanda Hutchings, Stephanie Hale, Judy Nesbitt, Pippa Osler, Elizabeth Paterson, Ann Patteson, Shelagh Nolan.

Staff: Miss Morrison, Miss MacDonald, Miss Wood.

The teams this year are:

SENIOR BASKETBALL

Centre forward	Paula Peters
Centre guard	Pat Ballantyne
Forwards	Lois Davidson Ann Patteson
Guards	Stephanie Hale Pauline Coulson

JUNIOR BASKET-BALL

Centre forward	Elizabeth Paterson
Centre guard	Wendy Hughson
Forwards	Jean Elliot Angela Christensen
Guards	Judy Nesbitt

SENIOR BADMINTON

First Singles	Wendy Hughson
Second Singles	Paula Peters
Doubles	Elizabeth Paterson Pat Ballantyne

JUNIOR BADMINTON

First Singles	Angela Christensen
Second Singles	Jean Elliot
Doubles	Norah Cameron Judy Nesbitt

TENNIS

First Singles	Wendy Hughson
Second Singles	Paula Peters
Doubles	Wendy Hughson Elizabeth Paterson

Nightingale congratulates the prize winners of 1944 and of 1945.

PRIZE WINNERS OF 1944

Summa Sumarum	Betty Caldwell
Philpot Token	Elizabeth Paish
House Motto	Elizabeth Paterson
Proficiency	Ruth Osler
English	Lois Davidson
Dramatics	Ruth Osler
French	Ruth Osler
Current Events	Joan Paterson

(*Continued on Page 36*)



NIGHTINGALE HOUSE



NIGHTINGALE
JUNIOR BASKETBALL



NIGHTINGALE
SENIOR BASKETBALL



NIGHTINGALE
JUNIOR BADMINTON



NIGHTINGALE TENNIS



School Calendar 1944-1945

September 13—Boarders returned from summer holidays.
September 14—School opened.
September 16—Swimming at the Chateau for the boarders, and on to tea at the Wayside Inn.
September 19—"Lucia di Lammermoor" at the Auditorium.
September 30—An Ashbury dance was attended by some of the seniors.
October 3—The Reverend Brian Green came to school and gave us a very interesting talk on England in war time.
October 4—A second meeting with Mr. Green at St. Matthew's Parish Hall.
October 7—Again we met to hear Mr. Green, this time in Lauder Hall.
October 9—Discussion group, in Lauder Hall.
October 21—The St. John Ambulance cadets took part in an inspection by H.R.H. Princess Alice.
October 25—A few senior boarders attended a concert by Marian Anderson.
October 27—Hallowe'en party.
October 28—Dance at Ashbury.
November 5—Toc H meeting and tea.
November 7—Major Darby visited us and talked to us about Poppy Day.
November 10—Mr. Alan Wilkie and Miss Hunter-Watts acted for us some delightful excerpts from plays by Shakespeare and Goldsmith.
November 18—Rehearsals commenced for the Elmwood-Ashbury play, "Shall We Join the Ladies."
November 19—A Toc H meeting was held at which Brigadier Hepburn addressed us.
November 21—Many of the boarders saw "Carmen" at the Auditorium.
November 22—Boarders again attended a concert—Joseph Szigeti, violinist, at the Capitol Theater.
November 26—The cast of "Shall We Join the Ladies" was entertained to tea, at Elmwood.
December 1—Many of the seniors attended a formal dance given by Mrs. Patteson at the Country Club.
December 9—The senior boarders gave a small dance.
December 11—The Toc H "Chain of Light" was held.
December 13—The Parlow String Quartette at Glebe Collegiate.
December 14—The House plays were held. All the boarders were invited to tea and to sing carols at Mrs. Buck's house.
December 15—Mrs. Fauquier came to judge our house collections.
December 18—Our annual bazaar was held.
December 19—Christmas holidays began.
December 22—Examinations began.
January 8—Boarders returned.
January 9—School opened.
January 10—A few senior Boarders heard the Little Symphony of Montreal.
January 24—Several of us enjoyed the concert of Alexander Uninsky, pianist.
January 27—A dance was held at Ashbury.
January 28—All the boarders attended the "Friends of Poland" entertainment at the Capitol Theatre.

January 30—Examinations over—FREE DAY.
January 31—Some of the boarders heard Portia White at the Glebe Collegiate.
February 1—Beginning of second term.
February 7—Many of the boarders heard the Minneapolis Symphony at the Capitol Theater.
February 10—The seniors went to a formal dance at the Country Club, given by Admiral and Mrs. Nelles.
February 16—19—Long week-end.
February 21—Several of the boarders saw the Winnipeg ballet.
March 1—Dress rehearsal of "Shall We Join the Ladies."
March 3—The play proved to be a great success.
March 7—Concert by Ross Pratt, pianist.
March 9—All the boarders went swimming at the Chateau. Dinner at the Grill for the cast of "Shall We Join the Ladies."
March 11—Toc H meeting.
March 16—Several of the seniors saw "The Little Foxes" at the Little Theater.
March 23—Major Carter of the C.W.A.C., a former Elmwoodian, came to the school and gave us a very interesting talk.
March 24—The Minto Follies, attended by all the boarders and many of the day girls.
March 28—Senior boarders went to the Capitol, to hear Rudolf Serkin, pianist.
March 29—Easter holidays began.
April 11—Boarders returned.
April 12—Summer half-term began.
April 27—Senior Play—a great success!
May 7—V-E day! A half holiday.
May 8—Holiday. The boarders saw the official celebration on Parliament Hill and enjoyed fire-works at Ashbury in the evening.
May 9—Special V-E day ceremonies at Elmwood and Ashbury.
May 22—Tea for parents.
May 24—Half holiday.
May 25—Examinations began.
June 4—Examinations ended.
June 11—Sports Day and Public Speaking.
June 12—Closing Exercises. Summer holidays began.

Prefect and House Senior Notes



Janet Caldwell

"I'm not arguing with you
I'm telling you."

Janet Sheila Ross Caldwell—Carleton Place, Ontario—Head Boarder and Organizer superb—Chief high Mogul of the sitting room with one whole shelf in the cupboard to herself—having to our envy a "vurry Scotch sense of humour" and a "highly irregular" Ottawa Valley accent—also having a passion for lemons and blond boxers. She deliberately and with malice aforethought contributed "Dog" to the sitting room and encouraged the barbarous custom of imbibing "chox" at break-time—her favorite expression aside from "highly irregular" is "I luvit"—favorite perfume "Cuir de Russie"—She swoons over Sentimental Journey and Gregory Peck even though Davy does claim the latter—future and ambition are mysterious but her immediate future rests with Elmwood.



Ruth Osler

"The battle's won
My course is done."

Boofie, our born dramatist, is never emotionally middle-of-the road, but always on top of the world or in the depths of despair. Usually, if she makes school by 8.50, the horizon's clear and she enters the Hall as our beam of sunshine. But if we find her in the sitting room after prayers, we steel ourselves, for then she's usually a storm-cloud casting a deep shadow over her corner. She often accuses Miss Dixon or Miss MacDonald of being the cause of such moods for teaching those outlandish subjects, Trig and Latin. Favourite expression—"Heaven to Betsy!" followed by "Do you understand this Cicero or Sallust?" Renowned for her bicycle, which is in a class by itself and for her perpetual argument with Messy as to whether the theme song of Sunday's "Hour of Fame" is "Rhapsody in Blue" or "The Warsaw Concerto". Despite the fact that they both listen every Sunday, the question remains unsettled—the two pieces having, of course, no similarity. In one field of music, though Boof knows her stuff. Friday teas find her flipping through the hymn book, whistling snatches of everything from "Rock of Ages" to "Jesus Bids us Shine." This, needless to say, promotes much hilarity among the sitting room inmates. Boof is off to Trinity College, Toronto. Toronto, beware!



Lois Davidson

"I but ask that you remember me", from The Bohemian Girl.

Lois Nan Davidson. Elmwood 1940–1945—called Davy—vigorous head of Nightingale, although she is forced to admit that "Flo" bewilders her. After successfully demolishing the sitting-room sofa and table, Davy is beginning to watch her weight—any day now the skin may cover the bone. She has tried desperately, in spite of adverse criticism and jeering from Keller's head, to go Bohemian on us and still thinks it would have been a good idea. During Friday teas, she sedately munches sandwiches while the others rapidly gain poundage on the Davidson specialty, chocolate cake with mauve icing. The pound never lacked at least one of Davy's shoes, and school hours usually found her resembling a shoe advertisement—slipper on one foot and loafer on the other. Has a wealth of expressions including, "Caff! caff!" "Tic, tic!" and "Whosit". Is notorious for losing things—is always late because nobody else is there so why be early. After "deliberating" over Smith, Radcliffe and other famous institutions, McGill, this session, finds the campus glorified with Davy's presence and loving it too.



Janet Edwards

"I agree with no man's opinions—
I have some of my own."

Janet Edwards alias Bugs or Ed—our perfectionist in almost everything from Tennis to Chemistry. Despite our complaints that one is supposed to be issued brains, brawn or beauty, she goes right on hogging the three. Friday, her greatest accomplishment—getting out of the dishes; the amount she pays Ann to come for her at just the right moment having been a subject of great sitting-room speculation. Ed's unique feet may spring from her equally unique habit of walking a mile to school and back—and home for lunch! We suspect she does it so that she will be able to give her children the old "I walked a mile to school through sleet and rain" routine. Somehow labelled as "responsible" and so entrusted with the collecting and sorting of fabulous sums any time there is any activity involving money. If Elmwood but knew the hours she has spent locked in the sanctuary of the sitting room trying to discover "where that fifty-cents went to" or—and this is far more drastic—"where that fifty-cents came from." Since McGill has become as traditional an Edwards field of action as Elmwood, we never doubted—despite all her ponderings—which would be the college of Ed's choice.



Philippa McLaren

"I do not long for wealth or fame,
I crave no laurel wreath
I long to turn a handspring, though
And whistle through my teeth."

Philippa McLaren—Elmwood—called Pip—is our sprightly dark-haired member of the sitting room and the sole member of Six Matric—always keeps us posted on the school activities "upstairs"—we feel she has won her place in history by her never-ending enthusiasm for those little, sticky pink things called War Savings Stamps—renowned for her hats which she valiantly wears to school to put our more humble headgear to shame—her pride and joy is a plaid pork pie. After many faithful years yearning over "As time goes by" in honour of Humphrey, she suddenly switched her attention to three little notes in Eddy Duchin's "Embraceable You"—poor Bogey, on the rebound married Lauren Bacall—with Davy she takes the prize for being a giggler, but Pip accompanies hers with squeals. Pip is the sitting room's baby, being the youngest and smallest of the five. 1945–1946 finds her working hard in the hope of thrilling the Ontario Department of Education. Next year may find her almost anywhere.



Betsy Allen

"How wonderful it is to find
A truly scientific mind."

"Ballen" is our energetic Head of Fry, and although she took over that post in the middle of the year, after Margaret Hardy's departure, she has done an excellent piece of work. Every morning sees her trying to persuade certain members of her House to stop talking before prayers and to "take off those bracelets." Outside of her regular duties, her main occupation seems to be attempting to blow up the chemistry lab or to paralyse the olfactory nerves of her schoolmates by the odours that pervade the corridors in the vicinity of her experiments. However, we trust that what we have suffered will not be in vain and that these researches will contribute to her future fame, as she prepares next year to take Entrance Examinations to Cambridge.

Anna Cameron

"All the world's a stage."

"Cam's" ways are quaint, but we love her! At breakfast her coffee stands unnoticed while her toast balances precariously on her little butter dish, their owner deep in thought or exhausted from her morning run around the gym. This, proving rather strenuous and achieving the minimum result, she soon gave up. She has many strange habits that puzzle us, of which the most confusing is her frequent request to be excused from the table. Just what she does on these excursions still bewilders some. Her eyelashes also form an object of wonderment; it is strange how they are straight one day and curly the next. Her tastes run to apple-juice, raisins, and Mr. Gregory Peck. Although we are never really annoyed at *Cam*, we come pretty close to it when she holds us up indefinitely in her last-minute preparations before going out, but we are pacified when we see the final result of her lengthy labours. Cam holds indisputable authority over us in all matters concerning the stage and theater, and it is in this field that she hopes to continue her studies. New York, prepare! Cam's on her way.



Margaret Hardy

"Nevertheless, you shall not get the better of me. I am an Englishwoman."—Charles Dickens.

When Hardy returned to England last January, she was missed by all, especially by the House of Fry. The sudden loss of brain power was a blow to Six Upper, who missed one of their chief homework consultants. After writing her London Matriculation exam, she assured us that she had failed miserably, but when the results were published we learned that she had passed with high standing. Hardy, with quiet determination, usually won her own way—whether (during a sugar shortage) she persistently collected chocolate bars for overseas parcels or, with even greater strength of mind, she denied herself her favourite sweets in order to preserve her girlish figure for her return to England. We wish her continued success at the London University where she is now installed.



Suzanne Mess

"It is she who dabbles in the arts,
And from each to each she darts."

Sue is our grand source of information on opera, ballet, stage, music, art, designing. Her indefatigable pursuit of knowledge in such subjects often has us reeling, but asking for more and more. Sue also makes and clothes delicate and intricate dolls. She truly is "artistic to her finger-tips". *Lost Articles* was her job as House Senior, and every morning found her soothing the harassed losers of everything from a pencil to a pair of glasses. Public Speaking has twice given her the opportunity to fire us with inspiration over "Canada and the Arts". She has completed successfully the Junior Matriculation and sometime in the near future she expects to attend Art School where it seems quite probable that Cezanne will be eclipsed by Suzanne.





Paula Peters

"Her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece."

Carefree and blond is our long-legged P.J.—a House Senior who has been at Elmwood many long years. On Saturdays and Sundays she avidly listens to the Opera and the New York Philharmonic and the rest of the week she forgets or loses things. In Spanish and Sports Paula excels—but most of all in drifting into profound day dreams of what we know not. P.J. is a provocative mixture of scatter-brain and budding genius and, of course, like all geniuses, she loves to argue about anything; anywhere; and anytime. She was the busy head of the Cadets last year, and this year an even busier Nightingale House Sports Captain. Although, through the course of the year, at odd times P.J. has lost practically everything she owns, she still has most decidedly not lost our friendship. The Best of Luck, Paula, in that future which is a question mark.



V.E. DAY

ON May 7th school began just as usual—well, not quite as usual. There was a certain excitement that had been under the surface for days; it was almost as if everyone was holding her breath. But classes must go on and so they did until suddenly just before noon we were told to go up to the Boarders' Lounge for a news broadcast. And with what was, I'm sure, record-breaking speed and noiselessness, the school assembled. As the announcer's voice told that the long-awaited day had finally come—that Germany had surrendered—there wasn't a sound. Only the oldest of us were supposed to understand the true significance of this historic moment but it seemed that even the tiniest juniors who had no memory of anything but war felt that this was a great moment in their lives.

After the announcement we were dismissed for a day and a half's holiday and left to spend V.E. Day in our own way—being merry with the crowd thronging the streets or thanking God in our churches or both—for it was a day of joyfulness and thanksgiving.

And so, each of us spent V.E. Day in her own way; then on the day we returned to school we went over to join Ashbury in their Chapel and give our common thanks. We had a very beautiful and moving service—Janet Caldwell and Edwin Pilgrim reading the lessons and Brigadier Hepburn giving the address.

After the service, we gathered around the flag pole for a remembrance service. It was a service I think few of us will ever forget. As the head prefects of the two schools laid the wreaths at the foot of the flag pole, the sun shone suddenly from an overcast sky as if echoing our words of a moment before, "We will remember them."



GRETCHEN MATHERS



ANN EDWARDS



PIP MacLAREN



PIP MacLAREN



MARTHA BATE



GRETCHEN MATHERS



ANN EDWARDS



CAROL MacLAREN



ANGELA CHRISTENSEN



ANN EDWARDS



JANEY JOHNSTONE



LUELLA WILLS



JEAN ELLIOT



SHELAGH NOLAN



HEATHER CUMYN



















ART NOTES

THIS year, under Miss May's careful and patient guidance, the art classes have done some very fine work.

In the Special Art Class on Thursdays we have concentrated wholly on charcoal figure drawings, and we have improved immensely in obtaining the character of the model. We thank the models for posing so patiently for us on these days.

In the class on Tuesdays, subjective art has been the main attraction. Many bewildering but colourful designs have been produced. A mural of skiing was accomplished by four of the very energetic members of this class.

The other classes have recently finished some very interesting paper maché character masks. They have also done quite a number of free designs and colourful compositions.

During the first term, we had the opportunity of seeing Mr. H. S. Southam's wonderful collection of Canadian paintings at the National Art Gallery. After Easter, Miss May gave us the exciting opportunity to paint in oils, and many professional-looking canvases were produced. When spring arrived, we trekked with our boards and charcoal, and many lovely outdoor sketches were the outcome.

The members of the art classes have proved to be versatile, and they have profited in many ways under Miss May's guidance.

THE CHICKADEE

When I go skiing in the woods,
I hear him in a tree
And wonder if he's looking down
And thinking about me.

He braves the coldest winter winds
And finds his dinner where he can;
The charming little chickadee
Is not afraid of man.

I like to hear his happy song
And see him flit from tree to tree.
I wish that I could always be
As brave as little chickadee.

NORAH CAMERON, VC
Nightingale

THE CROSS RABBIT

A cross little rabbit
Knocked on the door
As I was scrubbing
The kitchen floor.

The cross little rabbit
Ate a rubber band,
Spilled some water
And bit my hand!

The cross little rabbit
Began to shout;
So I opened the door
And swept him out.

SHELAGH NOLAN, V A
Nightingale



SPORTS NOTES

WE returned to school last September with a feeling of loss as we knew Miss Snell would not be there to greet us. She had gone overseas with the Canadian Red Cross Nursing Division and as she had been with us so long we missed her a great deal. We soon heard with pleasure, however, that Mrs. Palmer had consented to take our physical training classes in her place and, under her guidance, we have had a very full and enjoyable year in sports.

Early in the fall, the school tennis team tried again to win back the inter-scholastic Tennis Shield, but it was beaten by the excellent Glebe Collegiate team which won the shield the second consecutive year.

Our year of inter-house sports started well with some basketball games. Due to early snow, however, the final games had to be postponed until the spring. Nightingale, who always seems to be too liberally supplied with "Amazons" won the house basketball shield but not without battling violent opposition. Nightingale Juniors, following in the footsteps of their elders, defeated both the Fry and Keller junior teams.

With the arrival of snow, stiff badminton competition began, and both the inter-house and school matches were a source of interest until the last game was played. Keller and Fry had better luck in this field, winning the senior and junior tournaments respectively. Keller also won the house Tennis Shield for the fourth year.

Sports Day last year was held in the afternoon of June eleventh. Size and strength triumphed again, with Nightingale winning Sports Day and Fry coming a close second. The house tug-of-war was especially exciting but here again Nightingale was well anchored and pulled both Fry and Keller to defeat. As the last sports event of the year, Sports Day supplied an eventful and satisfying end to a very pleasant year.

SCHOOL TENNIS TEAM

First Singles - - - -	Janet Edwards
Second Singles - - -	Philippa McLaren
Third Singles - - -	Gretchen Mathers
First Doubles - - -	Cynthia Powell
	Paula Peters

The sports winners are as follows:

Inter-house Basketball Shield—Nightingale

(Continued on Page 36)



DRAMATICS

DRAMATIC NOTES

THIS year, the Senior Dramatics Class, deviating somewhat from the usual procedure of presenting a three-act play, gave an abridged version of a long play and, in addition, a one-act play,—"She Stoops to Conquer" by Oliver Goldsmith and "X equals O" by John Drinkwater.

We would like to give our sincerest thanks to Mrs. Murphy who took over the position of dramatics teacher when Miss Miriam Graham went overseas with the St. John Ambulance Brigade. She gave much time and effort to make these plays a success.

We should like also to thank The Citizen for allowing us to print their report of the plays.

Excellent Plays Presented by Pupils of Elmwood School

Parents and friends of the pupils of Elmwood school filled the assembly hall of that institution yesterday evening to witness the presentation of two plays by members of the Senior Dramatic Class. These were "X=O: A Night of the Trojan War," by John Drinkwater, and a telescoped version of Goldsmith's classic, "She Stoops to Conquer."

In past years Elmwood has built up a reputation for amateur dramatics and last night the present students of that art fully maintained the tradition established by their predecessors—and won laurels of their own.

In the Trojan War scenes, the characters participating being Pronax, Janet Edwards, Salvius, Jane MacKeen, Greeks; and Ilius, Pat Balantyne, with Capys, Suzanne Mess, Trojans, and Peggy Huestis, Greek sentinel, the Homeric atmosphere was definitely brought on the stage and communicated to the audience.

In the rendering of the soliloquies and the dialogue in which Drinkwater stresses the futility of war for such a cause as the beauty of "the face that launch'd a thousand ships and burnt the topless towers of Ilium" savored somewhat of classroom recitation, it must be remembered that many older and more experienced performers never wholly succeed in ridding themselves of the selfconsciousness that is responsible for it.

But in the action that followed, the stealthy stabbing scenes on the wall and in the tent, the suspense waiting upon the discovery of the bodies of the victims, the sudden realization of tragedy, these youthful artists showed spontaneity and naturalness.

In "She Stoops to Conquer," the characters were: Mrs. Hardcastle, Ruth Osler; Mr. Hardcastle, Elizabeth Wyatt; Tony Lumpkin, Pauline Coulson; Miss Hardcastle, Anna Cameron; Miss Neville, Phillipa McLaren; Hastings, Lois Davidson; Marlow, Betsy Allen; Sir Charles Marlow, Janet Caldwell; Landlord of "The Three Pigeons," Peggy Huestis; Diggory, Ann Patteson; Roger, Stephanie Hale; Miss Hardcastle's maid, Annabelle Godfrey.

The members of the cast entered into the spirit of this eighteenth century comedy, playing their respective parts with verve and gusto. To say the very least, each did her best not to let Goldsmith down.

They have undoubtedly grasped the fundamental principles of the art they are studying and their success on this occasion may be measured by the fact that no part of the fun of the act in which Marlow mistakes Hardcastle for the landlord of the inn, and makes love to Miss Hardcastle, believing her to be the barmaid, was lost.

They merited the congratulations their friends offered, as also did Mrs. Julia Murphy, their director.

In welcoming the guests, Mrs. C. H. Buck referred to the former director, Miss Miriam Graham, who, after five years' service at Elmwood School, returned to England with a St. John Ambulance Brigade at the beginning of the year. She has been succeeded by Mrs. Julia Murphy, a former member of the staff.

—W. J. H.

This year, for the first time, members of the Elmwood Senior Dramatics Class took part in the Ashbury plays. Under the patient guidance of Mr. N. M. Archdale, the play, "Shall We Join The Ladies?" by J. M. Barrie, proved to be a success and was much enjoyed by an appreciative audience. The following account of the play is an excerpt from the review of the Ashbury plays in The Citizen.

Ashbury and Elmwood Combine in Two Excellent Presentations

On Saturday evening, to a large audience in the Technical School auditorium, the students of Ashbury College and Elmwood School collaborated in presenting two plays, the performance of which held the interest and won the admiration of an audience that included His Excellency the Governor General, H.R.H. the Princess Alice and members of their staff.

The first, a comedy-drama, "Hassan," by J. E. Flecker consisted of four scenes with the setting in Bagdad. These were played before a curtain only, the imagination of the spectators being left to supply the Oriental color and exotic accessories. To this end, Michael Shenstone's comments between the acts were of great assistance.

Hassan, a confectioner, falling in love with a veiled widow, persuades a friend to secure him a love philtre. But the friend, proving false, his overtures are rejected and, heart broken, the pastrycook falls asleep in the Street of Felicity by the Fountain of the Two Pigeons.

Four disguised adventurers coming along, he is transported by basket into "a doorless house," where a plot against the Caliph is divulged, and frustrated by a suggestion of the lovelorn sweetmaker, for which he is rewarded by exaltation to a very high position.

A definite standard of excellence was maintained by all the members of the cast

throughout, and, in the title role, William Eliot created the kind of Persian of the humbler class that James Elroy Flecker probably had in mind when he conceived the character of Hassan. The court poet, John Hooper, and the King of the Beggars, Ian Elliot, supported him admirably, as did all the other participants.

The cast of "Hassan" was as follows: Hassan, W. Eliot; Selim, G. Fischel; porter, M. Macpherson; Yasmin, A. Price; Masrur, S. Pegram; Vizier, I. MacGregor; Caliph, E. Castello; Ishak, J. Hooper; Rafi, I. Elliott; slave, T. Kenney; Ali, J. Eliot; Abdu, A. Smith; chief of police, G. Read; chief of the military, J. Fleck; and soldiers and policemen, M. Gault, J. Gibbs, R. Keyes and M. Roome.

Second Play

The effectiveness of the way in which these Ashbury-Elmwood students put on Barrie's one act play, "Shall We Join the Ladies," was proved by the fact that at the close members of the audience were heard asking their friends, "Who did it ?"

Having entertained a happy house party for a week, Sam Smith announced to his guests that one of them murdered his brother two years ago. The players did justice to Barrie's subtle hints in dialogue and action. For example, the passing round the table of a pair of handcuffs on a silver salvor lost nothing of sinister threat in the hands of these young performers.

Michael Shenstone, Ashbury, and Suzanne Mess and Anna Cameron, Elmwood, had leading parts in "Shall We Join The Ladies." Michael Shenstone took the part of Sam Smith, Miss Mess was the Lady Wrathie while Miss Cameron played the role of Miss Isit.

The other players and their parts were: Lady Jane, P. Archdale; Mr. Preen, M. Birchwood; Sir Joseph Wrathie, W. Nelles; Mrs. Preen, P. Coulson; Capt. Jennings, R. Sablin; Mrs. Castro, L. Davidson; Mr. Valie, J. Smith, Mrs. Bland, R. Osler; Mr. Gourlay, D. Matthews; Miss Valie, J. Caldwell; Dolphin, E. Pilgrim; Lucy, P. Maclaren, and policeman, P. Richardson.

In the course of the evening, two extra comedy touches, one planned, the other unpremeditated, roused mirth. In an opening speech, Norman Archdale, headmaster, Ashbury, purposely extended his remarks to give a waiting player behind the curtain a chance to yank him out of sight and into silence—a humorous warning to prolix chairmen.

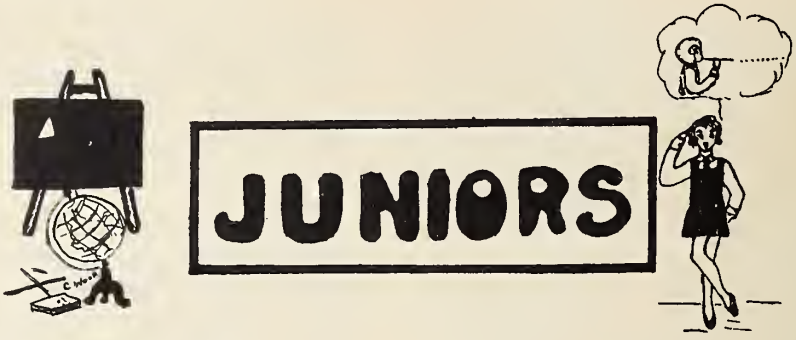
In "Hassan," one of the men, on being put into the basket for hoisting, did not balance himself quickly enough for one rope for hoisting jerked too soon or unevenly. He came near to pitching out on his head.

Ashbury-Elmwood provided an evening of entertainment and, in the process, a revelation of the dramatic talent possessed by students of these two valuable educational institutions. The proceeds were in aid of the Red Cross. —WJH

As usual three House Plays were given this year. Although Keller won the competition with "Perchance to Dream" it was decided that Nightingale's "House Full," by Esme Barringer, was more suitable for presentation at the Bazaar. Fry came a very close third with an amusing play called, "The Rehearsal."

The Junior School gave a charming Nativity play at the Christmas Bazaar, under the able direction of Miss Graham. It was particularly appealing, as the children were very well cast in their respective parts.

The year as a whole has proved to be one of considerable activity in the field of dramatics; interest in this art has been shown by us all, from the youngest to the oldest.



UNCLE FUSSER AND THE BROKEN HYDRANT

Uncle Fusser jumped out of bed, dressed and tore down the stairs. Mrs. Fusser was just putting his breakfast on the table.

"I'm late," he yelled.

"It's only eight o'clock. How could you be late? You don't have to be at work till ten!" said Mrs. Fusser.

"I know, I know!" screamed Mr. Fusser. "But I have to be there at seven today because I have to do more work than usual. So please, please get me my breakfast and don't stand there gawking."

Half an hour later Mr. Fusser clashed out the door. Mrs. Fusser called something after him but he was in too much of a hurry to listen. If he only had listened he would have had no trouble getting to work. There was no bus for half an hour and when one did come it didn't stop. So Mr. Fusser walked. He was walking along when he suddenly fell over a hydrant. There he lay on one side of the broken hydrant. All at once a lady came out of a house and took him into her house. It was an hour before he could get out of her clutches. And when he at last reached the office, it was shut. Then he fainted. When he opened his eyes he was in bed, his own bed. Mrs. Fusser was standing by his side.

"My dear Mr. Fusser," she said. "When you rushed out of the house this morning I called after you that it was April Fool's and that you didn't have to go to work and when your employer said you had to be at work at seven he was only joking."

Mr. Fusser stared at her and there we will leave him staring at Mrs. Fusser with his eyes open wide.

MOIRA NOLAN,
Aged 10

I AM FLUFFY TIM

I am a little white kitten. My name is Fluffy Tim. I live with a kind little girl. One day she went some place. I got very lonesome, so I made up my mind that I'd go and look for her. So I went out and looked for her. But I got lost. Soon it began to rain. It began to thunder too. Poor me! My coat got wet. I had a terrible time. But just then something strange happened. Can you guess what? I saw Mary Ann, my kind little owner. When she saw me she was amazed. "Why how in the world did you get out of the house?" She couldn't understand my language. So I couldn't tell her how it all happened. But she didn't care and she took me home. I had a saucer of warm milk and had a bath and got all dried and warm and I never looked for my mistress again when she went out.

JILL WOODS,
Aged 8





KINDERGARTEN AND TRANSITION 1944-45

LUCY DURNFORD, ANDREA ROWLEY, ANNE WINFIELD, JENEPHER HOOPER, TRICIA LAUGHARNE, JUDY HARRIS (Nursery School), GALE CHARLESON, MARTHA KNIGHT, LINDA JACKSON, SUSAN HARRIS, SUSAN BRAIN, Absent—VICKY BRAIN











SILKY

There was once a little puppy,
His hair was as silk as can be.
He had a little mistress,
Her hair was as silk as he.

ELIZABETH ABEL-SMITH,
Aged 8

AN APRIL SHOWER

An April shower came
And with it soft, fresh rain.
It waters all the grass
And lovely flowers as I pass.

JENNIFER LAUGHARNE,
Aged 8

JIM

I have a cat named Jim,
And a little dog named Tim,
Jim, he is a lazy cat,
Which is not to be wondered at.
He eats and sleeps the livelong day—
The lazy cat's too tired to play.

TISH HEENEY,
Aged 7

PUSSY WILLOW

I know a little pussy
So soft and smooth and gray.
She lives in the meadow
Where the lambkins play.

She dances with the flowers
While the wind does blow—
The best little pussy
That ever I did know.

JENNIFER WOOLLCOMBE,
Aged 8

SNOW ON THE MOUNTAIN

The snow on the mountain glistened like diamonds. There was a gentle breeze blowing and I will always remember the sight when I was standing on top of a mountain, with the breeze blowing the snow crystals through the air as though stars were everywhere. I felt as though I could drop on the snow and be like a cloud.

BURLEIGH BALLANTYNE,
Aged 10

IS IT RIGHT?

Is it right to be happy
When the rest of the world is sad?
Is it right to be full
When the rest of the world is mad
With that hunger that is death?

Is it right to think of fun
When that word has lost its meaning
For the thousands who must run
From their Nazi enslavers?

Is it right to love
When the world is full of hate?
Is it right to be so free of fear
When others know naught but fear?

Why do our soldiers fight?
For a world of unhappiness; of fear and hunger,
A world without fun, without love? Is that why they fight?

No! They fight for happiness and love,
For a world without fear or hunger.
We must not forget this;
It is right.

DAPHNE WURTELE, V A—*Keller*

Old Girls' Notes

ELMWOODIANS are scattered far and wide, engaged in a variety of interesting activities. Though we have all been extremely busy, and have not been able to give as much time to the Old Girls' Association as we would have liked to do, the Annual Meeting and Dinner of the Association was held at Elmwood in June, on the day following closing. Girls who left Elmwood this year were among those invited to attend. The members present at the meeting decided to send parcels in the name of the Association to Miss Neal and Miss Tipple, both of whom are now residing in England. Letters since received from them show that the gifts were much appreciated.

The election of officers for the ensuing year took place and the following were elected for the year 1945-1946:

President—Genevieve Bronson Laidlaw

Vice-president—Ethel Southam Toller

Secretary—Margaret Carson

Assistant secretary—Gaye Douglas

Treasurer—Jessie Gilmour

Ottawa representatives—Cairine Wilson and Barbara Watson

Montreal representatives—Norma Wilson and Janet Edwards

Toronto representatives—Anne Powell and Mary Osler

Sports representative—Dorothy Wardle

Dramatics representative—Julia Murphy

Elmwoodians in various cities throughout Canada have been helpful in collecting news of Old Girls. We thank them for their share in preparing the following items of interest.

Frances Bell is now an army nurse and is working at the Military Hospital in Montreal.

Many Elmwood Old Girls, friends of Janet (Dobell) Bennett have been grieved to know that her husband, Lieutenant Ronald Bennett, was killed in action in Normandy on D-day.

Ogden Blackburn graduated in June from St. Hilda's College, University of Toronto, and is now training at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.

Glen Borbridge is in London with the National Film Board.

Beryl Cadogan, who was for some time with the Australian Legation in Washington, has returned to England.

Betty Carter is to be congratulated on obtaining her majority in the C.W.A.C., and on successfully completing a staff course at Kingston.

Elizabeth (Symington) Coristine has returned from England with her two boys.

Anne Davies, during the last year, went into training at the Kingston General Hospital.

Lieutenant Jean Dunlop has been overseas with the W.R.N.S. stationed at Greenock, Scotland.

Mackie Edwards has a position in the Neurological Department at McGill.

Susan Edwards has recently returned from service overseas where she was a Welfare Officer with the Number One Canadian General Hospital on the Continent. Her work included driving, physio-therapy, occupational-therapy, letter writing for soldiers and many other kinds of work which contributed to the comfort and cheer of the patients.

S/O Barbara Fellows has returned from England where she was in the W.D. of the R.C.A.F.

Betty (Fauquier) Gill returned from England in October, 1944, with her small son. Major Gill has since joined them and they are living in Ottawa.

Margaret Hardy, who was a war guest in Ottawa, has returned to England, having

obtained her London Matriculation for which she was prepared at Elmwood.

Jean Heubach is now secretary to the Vice-president of Canadian Industries, Ltd., Montreal. A recent letter to Mrs. Buck gave welcome news of many Montreal Elmwoodians. Thank you, Jean.

Margo (Graydon) Heubach has been taking a course in political economy at McGill. She has recently been heard over the radio.

Peggy Waldie Lounsborough has been overseas with the Military Transport Corps of the Red Cross.

We rejoice with Nini (Keefer) MacDougall on the return of her husband, Lieutenant Peter Lewis MacDougall, of the Royal Rifles of Canada, who has been a prisoner of war since the fall of Hong Kong. Lieut. MacDougall returned to Ottawa in October.

Geraldine (Manson) MacKay has been overseas.

Pat Macoun has been overseas with the Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service.

Betty Massey graduated in June from the Sick Children's Hospital.

Sheila (Skelton) Menzies has gone to Cuba, where her husband will assist in opening the new Canadian Legation.

Nancy (Haultain) Nation has returned to Ottawa from England.

Jacqueline (Vernon) Palmer is living in Halifax while her husband is at sea.

Mary Paterson is working for Dr. Lorne Pierce with the Ryerson Press in Toronto.

Mary (Hampson) Price has returned from England with her four children.

Katherine (Dougherty) Ramsay is living in Ottawa with her two children while her husband is in Europe.

Barbara Ross, with the Red Cross, has returned to Canada, after serving in the Mediterranean, Italy and France.

Lieutenant Nancy Riley has been with Military Headquarters in Germany.

We regret to report that Major Gordon Slater, husband of Barbara (Shenstone) Slater was killed in action in the autumn of 1944.

Dorothy Wardle is working at the Swedish Legation. She is the active secretary of the Queen's Alumni Association, Ottawa Branch.

Barbara Watson is working as secretary to Dr. John Robbins of the Canadian Council of Education for Citizenship.

Anna Wilson, formerly with the C.W.A.C. has now returned to Ottawa.

Engaged:

Sarah Wallace to Roger Nairn, R.C.A.F.

Married:

Nancy Bowman to Basil Heath, formerly of the R.C.A.F.

Vivian Brophy to F/Lt. Carson Herrick.

Eleanor Carson to Malcolm Grant. This wedding was of special interest as both are old Elmwoodians.

Nadine Christie to Flt. Sergeant Bob Cranfield.

Patricia Galt to Hugh Kortwright.

Katherine Inkster to Major Malcolm Ferguson.

Nora Lewis to W. H. Toller.

Kay Ward to Ronald Heaven.

We congratulate:

Mrs. John Bethune (Luella Irwin) on the birth of a son.

Mrs. Blair Birkett (Frances Drury) on the birth of a son.

Mrs. Charles Blair (Jocelyn White) on the birth of a daughter.

Mrs. Rowley Booth (Marjorie McKinnon) on the birth of a son.

Mrs. Murray Cleary (Nancy Toller) on the birth of a son.

Mrs. Daniel Connelly (Alison Cochrane) on the birth of a son.

Mrs. Sumner Frew (Margot Seeley) on the birth of twin daughters.

Mrs. Graham Garvock (Rachel White) on the birth of a daughter.

Mrs. Ashely Hornell (Muriel Inkster) on the birth of a son.

Mrs. William Howe (Susan Kenny) on the birth of a daughter.

Mrs. William Kelly (Barbara Brown) on the birth of a daughter.

Mrs. Duncan MacTavish (Janet Southam) on the birth of a daughter.

Mrs. Victor Podoski (Muriel Crockett) on the birth of a son.

Mrs. Fred Toller (Ethel Southam) on the birth of a daughter.

KELLER HOUSE NOTES—continued from page 11

Poetry	Anne Chisnell
Public Speaking	Anna Cameron
Physical Education	Janet Edwards
Senior Sports Cup	Janet Edwards
Senior Badminton Singles	Janet Edwards
Senior Tennis Singles	Janet Edwards
Senior Tennis Doubles	Philippa McLaren Anna Cameron

PRIZE WINNERS 1944-45

School Proficiency Medal	Janet Edwards
Proficiency	Philippa McLaren Betsy Alexandor Joanna Rowlatt
Art Prize	Philippa McLaren
English	Suzanne Mess
French	Anna Cameron
House Motto	Joanna Rowlatt
Improvement in Music	Shirley Heintzman

NIGHTINGALE HOUSE NOTES—continued from page 12

PRIZE WINNERS OF 1945

House Motto	Wendy Hughson
Dramatics Medal	Pauline Coulson
Dramatics Bar	Ruth Osler
Current Events	Lois Davidson
Proficiency	Elizabeth Paterson
Physical Training	Elizabeth Paterson
Good General Improvement	Wendy Hughson
English	Shelagh Nolan
Good Progress	Angela Christensen
Junior High Endeavor	Judy Nesbitt
English and History	Lois Davidson
Special Commendation	Jean Elliot

SPORTS NOTES—continued from page 26

Inter-house Tennis Shield—Keller
Inter-house Badminton Shield—Keller
Inter-house Sports Cup—Nightingale
Senior Badminton Singles—J. Edwards
Senior Badminton Doubles—P. McLaren
A. Cameron
Intermediate Tennis Singles—J. McCulloch
Intermediate Tennis Doubles—J. McCulloch
A. Edwards
Senior Sports Cup—E. Paterson
Intermediate Sports Cup—N. Cameron
Junior Sports Cup—B. Mavor
Preparatory Sports Cup—J. Laugharne

TOC H NOTES

ALTHOUGH we have had time for only a few meetings this year, they have been a great success and the principles of Toc H have certainly not been forgotten. Our meetings have usually been held in the library and the attendance has been large, for many new girls have been present. Mrs. Buck has told us many more interesting things about Toc H and has explained it anew for the benefit of our new members. Timely articles from the Toc H Log and some inspiring letters from Mrs. N. K. Edwards, an honorary member of the Toc H staff in London, have been read to us. From her letters we have learnt of the marvellous work this organization is accomplishing in England. Sister Ella of Shernfold School has kindly been present at our gatherings, and on one occasion Brigadier Hepburn and Mrs.Hepburn were our guests. At this meeting Brigadier Hepburn talked to us concerning Toc H, and as usual, Sister Ella led us in the closing prayer. The Ceremony of Light has been taken by various members, and on December the eleventh at Mrs. Buck's house, we joined in the World Chain of Light.

From our meetings we have succeeded in becoming acquainted with a most inspiring and beneficial way of life introduced by the Toc H ideals; I am sure that later on, after we have left school, this acquaintance will be greatly valued, since Toc H will be playing on even bigger part in the post-war rehabilitation.

BAZAAR NOTES

AGAIN this year, a bazaar was held instead of the Christmas Party which was a feature of our school life in pre-war days. We were greatly honoured by the presence of His Excellency, the Governor General and Her Royal Highness, Princess Alice.

Tickets were managed by Mrs. Palmer and Janet Edwards, assisted by an energetic staff of form representatives. Miss Chappell again looked after the raffles. Her assistants were Ruth Osler and form representatives. Mrs. H. S. Southam kindly donated a turkey —a prize much desired by everyone. A beautiful Kenwood baby-blanket was given by Mrs. Edward F. Fauquier, and with it several other articles. This year the members of the school gave money for several raffles, varying from a "Sloppy-Joe" sweater to a Pluto doll, which all the younger children were longing for. Suzanne Mess made two delightful dolls for the raffle and other people kindly sent beautiful presents.

His Excellency and Her Royal Highness took tea with Mrs. Buck and the Governors in the dining-room, where Miss Dixon, Miss Morrison and Mrs. Turton ably assisted by Janet Caldwell and her committee, were in charge. The staff and girls had managed to save all the necessary sugar and butter from their rations. Miss Adams, Gretchen Mathers, Margot Peters and Elisabeth Rowlatt very cleverly managed to collect and make a generous amount of candy.

The main attraction of the handicraft table was a great number of useful and colourful aprons. This stall was organized by Mademoiselle Juge and Paula Peters. The girls made a variety of pretty articles, which sold very well. Miss Wood and Suzanne again collected a good selection of used books.

A large collection of White Elephants were displayed on the stall managed by Miss MacDonald and Philippa McLaren. It was an impressive display, in spite of the fact that many people had already given to other causes a large part of their belongings.

Mrs. Knight, Miss Dickie, Pauline Coulson and Pat Ballantyne achieved a happy atmosphere in the Hall by organizing a variety of Junior games. Wendy Hughson and all the members of V A were again very successful in

turning the boarders' cloak-room into a check-room.

Miss Dixon and Miss Chappell presented a Christmas cake for weight-guessing. This competition was won by Mrs. W. J. Boyd.

During the afternoon, two plays were seen—"House Full" produced by Nightingale, and a Junior Nativity play, directed by Miss Graham.

Everyone was keen and worked hard to make the bazaar a success. The result of all this effort and co-operation was most gratifying. The splendid sum of over eight hundred dollars, was donated to the hospital ship, Letitia.

BOARDERS' NOTES

WHEN we returned in September we were very glad to welcome Janet Caldwell as our head boarder. Being the only prefect in the Boarding School, she has had a great deal of responsibility, and has done an excellent piece of work.

On our first Saturday back we spent a very enjoyable afternoon swimming at the Chateau and later going to the Wayside Inn for tea.

Due to the shortage of gas and our inability to obtain buses, Mrs. Buck very kindly granted us every Saturday out.

Among other things we have attended all the Trembley and R.A. concerts, "The Great Mr. Handel," the Christ Church Bazaar and a tea for the Rockcliffe Corvette. All of these have been enjoyed very much.

Just before Christmas, Mrs. Buck gave a dance for the Senior Boarders which was a great success, for everyone had a good time. We have also attended several other dances both formal and informal at Ashbury and in private homes.

As in other years, we went down to Mrs. Buck's house to sing carols and listen to records which Mr. Buck had recorded in the past. We enjoyed the music and the lovely supper Mrs. Buck gave us.

We have not had as much skiing as we would have liked this year as the weather would not permit it. Instead, we took up skating very seriously. Every Friday evening we went out and skated in the moonlight and when skating was not possible we had games in the hall. Everyone took part from the smallest one up. Riding and walking have also been important features of our outdoor activities. When the first spring crocus peeped through, the Senior bounds were extended to the beautiful Look Out by the river past the American Legation.

Many boarders attended the lectures of the Reverend Brian Greene which we found interesting indeed. We all benefitted a great deal by his inspiring and brilliant talks.

As usual sewing bees have been organized on Saturday mornings. They have been supervised by Mrs. Turton and Mademoiselle Juge, who have helped us many times with those discouraging darns!

Two long week-ends were granted this year, one at Thanksgiving and the other in the middle of February.

To the boarders it has been an all-round successful year, and we would like to thank the staff and Mrs. Buck for their extreme kindness in helping to make it so.

PAULINE COULSON, VI M
Nightingale

LIMERICK

At Elmwood there are many cross prefects,
Who are very fond of giving "derecks";
One day the young scholars
Turned up their clean collars
And said, "There are too many prefects."

JANE JOHNSTONE, V C
Fry
HEATHER CUMYN, IV A
Nightingale

THE YEAR-END DANCE

ON the evening of Saturday, June 19th, every inmate of Elmwood put on her best bib and tucker and gave the first dance at the school since the beginning of the war.

The hall was transformed from the schooly mass of green chairs and energetic-looking gym equipment of every day to a demi-paradise of soft lights and airy streamers of gold and green—no small miracle and one for which we must thank Six Matric. The music was supplied by an instrument which may be tagged by an assortment of names ranging from "whirlitzer" to "juke box" and for which Mrs. Buck publicly disclaimed any responsibility except, and I quote "A small remembrance I will receive at the end of the month." Notwithstanding, it was excellent. Of the food I need say nothing; empty plates speak so much more eloquently than I ever could.

Yet these are but the accessories; it is the people that make the evening. Quite omitting the masses of charm and beauty produced by the school (it is commonly known Elmwoodians are the *nicest* people) everyone was just as nice as they could be—which covers a multitude of virtues.

All good things come to an end, however, and the best always much the soonest.

Twelve o'clock arrived before the dance seemed half over, and after numerous choruses of Auld Lang Syne the party broke up.

On behalf of all who enjoyed the fruits of their labours, I should like to thank the officers and staff, and especially Mrs. Buck, who made such an enjoyable dance possible.

R. OSLER, VI Upper
Nightingale

What are you doin', ya
Wee pe-too-ni-ya?

PAULA PETERS, VI Upper
Nightingale

CADET NOTES

CADET activities during the past year have been varied and interesting. The most important event of the year was the inspection of all Cadets in the Federal District in the Drill Hall, Cartier Square, by Her Royal Highness, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone. It was the first inspection of its kind, and during the preparatory drills taken by an exacting sergeant-major, we all learned to appreciate as never before the great value of this training.

First Aid and Home Nursing classes continue regularly, and the more expert are given problem cases to demonstrate. A number of girls who held First Aid and Home Nursing certificates took the course in Knowledge of the Order of St. John, and all were successful in obtaining certificates. From Christmas until the summer holidays, a group of cadets went after school one or two afternoons each week to work in the Blood Donor Clinic. We were very glad to have this opportunity to be helpful.

We were very proud to have Luella Wills chosen to take part in a cadet demonstration of First Aid and Home Nursing for the Sunshine Class for Crippled Children at the Borden School. Congratulations, Luella!

On Sunday, June the 24th, the annual church parade of the St. John Ambulance Brigade was held at Christ Church Cathedral. After the service, the brigade was inspected by His Excellency, the Governor General and Her Royal Highness, Princess Alice. Owing to the fact that so many girls had left for their holidays, only a small group from Elmwood was able to attend, but we are sure they represented us well.

Cadets also assisted at First Aid posts on V-E day and again on Remembrance Day. Margot Peters was the cadet chosen to represent our division at the ceremony of laying the wreath at the cenotaph on Remembrance Day.

It has been gratifying to see the enthusiasm and serious response to their training shown by the Cadets throughout the year.

CLOSING

WE are greatly indebted to Her Royal Highness, Princess Alice, for her kind interest in our school and for her presence at our many school functions. At closing this year, Princess Alice visited Elmwood for the last time before returning to England, and very graciously consented to present the prizes.

Her address is printed in full elsewhere in this issue. The account of the closing exercise, given in "The Citizen" is as follows:

"The greater your privileges, the greater your responsibilities to others," warned Her Royal Highness, Princess Alice, speaking at the closing exercises of Elmwood School yesterday afternoon.

Little Vicky Brain and Gale Charleson presented Her Royal Highness with a basket of yellow roses.

Seated on the platform with the Governor General and Her Royal Highness were Canon H. H. Clark, who was chairman, Mrs. Edward Fauquier and Mrs. Clement H. Buck.

In her report as headmistress of Elmwood, Mrs. Buck said it had been demonstrated that education changed the whole course of human character and conduct. "To train people to think, and to think independently, is the best safeguard against the dictator or a mob, because trained judgment can always be depended upon to choose the better and reject the worse," she said.

Asks Simplified Course

Proudly Mrs. Buck said that of the 76 papers written for junior matriculation this term, honors were obtained in 54, including 27 firsts. She spoke hopefully of a simplified course of study for matriculation, saying she thought the number of subjects demanded of the student in the upper forms is one of the chief reasons for examination strain.

Mrs. Buck pointed out that most of the reforms now advocated for the state controlled schools originated, and have long existed, in the private schools.

Speaking of the various classes, Mrs. Buck said all age groups were represented in the art exhibit. Cadet activities were carried out under the heading of physical education. Instruction was given in First Aid and Home Nursing and second year cadets took part in demonstrations of bandaging and First Aid. A group of girls assisted each Tuesday at the Blood Donor clinic and on V-E Day four cadets were on duty at First Aid posts in the city.

A bazaar was held in aid of HMCS Letitia and $800 was sent the CO to be used to establish a ship's library. Parcels of sweets were sent children in Britain and charitable organizations were well supported. Mrs. Buck also paid tribute to Elmwood Old Girls who are continuing useful work with the services. She spoke in appreciation of the work of all members of the staff.

Thank Sponsors

Canon Clark spoke in grateful appreciation of the services of Mrs. Edward Fauquier, Mrs. Harry S. Southam and Senator Cairine Wilson, who had made possible Elmwood School.

Prize Winners

Prizes presented by Her Royal Highness were as follows: Summa Summarum, Janet Caldwell; Philpot Token, Marianna Greene; School Proficiency, Janet Edwards; Junior High Endeavor, Judy Nesbitt; House Motto, "Fair Play," Joanna Rowlatt; Good General Improvement, Wendy Hughson; Proficiency, Philippa McLaren, Gretchen Mathers, Joanna Rowlatt, Daphne Wurtele, Elizabeth Paterson, Ann Edwards, Betsy Alexandor, Sandra

James; Good Progress, Angela Christensen, Elizabeth Abel-Smith, Jennifer Woollcombe, Jennifer Laugharne; English, Suzanne Mess, Shelagh Nolan; English and History, Lois Davidson; French, Anna Cameron; Improvement in Music, Shirley Heintzman; Dramatics, Pauline Coulson, Ruth Osler; Poetry, Elisabeth Rowlatt; Writing, Margot Avery; Current Events, Lois Davidson; Public Speaking, Elisabeth Rowlatt; Physical Education, Elizabeth Paterson.

Sports Prizes Awarded

Senior sports cup, Elizabeth Paterson; intermediate sports cup, Norah Cameron; junior sports cup, Catherine Mavor; preparatory sports cup, Jennifer Laugharne; senior tennis singles, Janet Edwards; senior tennis doubles, Anna Cameron, Phillipa McLaren; senior badminton singles, Janet Edwards; intermediate badminton singles, Judy McCulloch; intermediate tennis singles; Judy McCulloch; intermediate tennis doubles, Judy McCulloch, Ann Edwards; inter-house basketball, Nightingale; inter-house badminton, Keller; inter-house tennis, Keller; inter-house sports cup, Nightingale; form drill cup, VB and VA.

A PEACEFUL PICNIC

"What a nice picnic we shall have!" said Annette, as she ran gaily along beside the frisky young donkey, who grudgingly carried the food. "Won't you be glad to give my friend a ride?" The donkey, for an answer, kicked up his heels and pranced to the other side of the road.

"I wouldn't ride that frisky beast if I was paid," said the prim Annabelle Goldfinch Bliss, "I might soil my dress."

"Don't you wish you hadn't come?" Annette whispered to the donkey. The donkey brayed loudly in consent.

"What a noisy brute," said Annabelle. "Have we much further to go?" My Mama wouldn't like me to ruin my shoes."

"No, the place is just the other side of that bridge, and Annette pointed to a rickety little foot path across the stream.

"Oh dear! What a dreadful bridge," said Annabelle, "You and the donkey had better go on each side of me. Mama wouldn't like me to fall in."

Annabelle had her own way and so it was that the donkey raised his heels, and Annabelle went off the bridge and down the stream to be picked up by the farmer's boy and taken home. And so it was that Annette and the donkey after begging pardon of Mama Bliss had a peaceful picnic.

HEATHER CUMYN, V A
Nightingale

WHISKERS

At Elmwood there's a little dog,
Whiskers is his name,
Sometimes he's silent as a log.
Sometimes for trouble he's to blame.

His favourite spot is the cloak-room floor
Where he lies all day,
Unless we open the kitchen door.
Then, "Where's Whisky?" we all say.

Once an actor he became,
And at Elmwood was the rage;
He was good, though he's to blame
For peeking past the stage.

Now to Washington he goes
And, though he has devoured our "breaks"
And at games has spoiled our throws,
Sad our hearts his leaving makes.

DAPHNE WURTELE, V A
Keller

THE STORY OF NO-EARS, THE GNOME

NO-EARS, the gnome, lived in a rut in the road. He could not buy a house in Heho Village because everyone laughed at his short, stubby ears. His only friend was Hoppy Rabbit, who had helped No-ears to make up the song which he sang whenever he had the chance. It went like this:

I am such a lonely gnome,
A rut in the road's my home,
And no one likes me but my rabbit Hoppy:
My ears are both so small
That they hardly show at all
While the other folks have ears all long and floppy.

Then No-ears would walk up to any gnome or goblin that he saw and ask if he could borrow a pair of ears. Of course, the other people thought that he was being silly, but the truth was that No-ears had been out on a very hot day and his ears had shrivelled up in the heat. You may think that this is strange, for it certainly could not happen here, but No-ears lived in Fairy-land and there's magic there! After his ears had become small, No-ears had got his new name and had gone to live in the rut in the road.

Now one Wednesday, Hoppy had a wonderful idea.

"No-ears," he said, "Your ears are short and mine are long. Why don't we go to the Wizard King and have him make a spell that will put my ears on you?"

"Why, Hoppy, you wouldn't want to lose your lovely long ears!" exclaimed No-ears.

"Oh, I wouldn't mind," answered Hoppy, going very red under his soft white fur. "Come on, let's go to the Wizard's castle."

When they arrived at the Wizard, Dinko's, Hoppy and No-ears knocked timidly on the door.

"What do you want?" roared the Wizard, but when he heard what his visitors wanted, his voice softened. "Well," he said, "It won't be easy but I'll try!"

Then he went to a huge cupboard and took down four bottles. One was pink, one was green, one was blue and one was labelled simply:

"For Ears"

Next the Wizard took the pink, green and blue bottles and poured what was in them into a large pot that was boiling on the stove. Then he opened the bottle with

"For Ears"

written on it and called No-ears and Hoppy to him. He rubbed some on Hoppy's ears, and then, after a long search found those of No-ears and rubbed some on them. Then he took a large spoon and began stirring the mixture that was boiling in the pot. After a time he moved to Hoppy and said:

"Come over here and dip your ears in this pot."

"Oh, it will be too hot!" squealed Hoppy. The Wizard didn't answer but went to the cupboard and took out a bottle labelled.

"For Cooling"

and poured its contents into the hot mixture. Hoppy dipped his ears in. After a few minutes the Wizard told him that he could take them out again. Hoppy did so, thinking then that everything would be all right. But he was mistaken. No-ears looked just the same and two big, hairy, rabbit's ears were floating around on the top of the mixture. Then the Wizard called No-ears to him and made him dip his head into the pot. When he brought it out, there were Hoppy's ears growing on him and his own tiny ones were floating on the magic brew. The Wizard

quickly rubbed some liquid on them out of the bottle labelled

"For Making Rabbit's Ears Like Gnome's"

and turned to Hoppy. He began waving his hands over the little bunny's head and saying this spell:

"Hogie pogie moochy much
Hocus pocus hippi hore
Hoppy shall be able to hear
Better than he could before."

When he had finished, Hoppy had grown two big ears, just like the ones he had had before! But he could hear far better! He was so happy! And No-ears was happy too, because now he looked like all the other folk!

Two days later there was a wedding in Heho Village. No-ears, whose name had now been changed to Long-ears, married Binkie, the prettiest fairy in town. They lived together in a dear little cottage with a white fence around it that Long-ears had painted all by himself. Hoppy moved in with them and they all lived happily ever after.

Shelagh Nolan, V B
Nightingale

THE DREAMER

He was a shaggy fellow, big and powerful, weighing about eighty pounds. He was no special breed of dog, but was a mixture of many, for neither his sire nor his dam had been pure-bred either. His coat was of an indeterminate hue; the one pure spot of colour being his left hind paw, and that specific member was white.

At the moment, he was lying in front of his bench at the dog-pound. No number or name had been tacked to the cage and he had no collar licence-tag around his neck. His owners, if any, were not known. He lay there silently contemplating, and it seemed as if he had a pleasing and yet half-sad thought on his mind. At length he rose, stretched, went over to the door of his cage, whined softly, and then, seeing that no attention was to be given him turned back again, lay down in a sunny patch on the floor and proceeded to go to sleep.

If one had come up and looked at him five or ten minutes later, one might have seen him twitching and heard him making little moaning sounds in his sleep—as if he were being taken back into the happier days of his existence. He seemed to have a smile on his face, and his tail struck the floor softly, raising little clouds of dust. Presently all was silent; the tail had stopped rapping the floor; the twitching and moaning had stopped too. All that could be seen was the same peaceful smile on the face of the dreaming dog.

Margot Avery, IV A
Nightingale

VALLEY OF PEACE

I came upon the valley quite by accident one windy October day. I had been riding all morning through a wild, mountainous country, broken and scarred by huge, jagged boulders, barren except for coarse tufts of dry grass. Rushing mountain streams twisted and turned through the rocky gullies and finally poured their flashing waters into deep mountain pools. Overhead, great grey clouds moved swiftly across a darkening sky, bringing ominous rumbles of thunder in their wake.

Hurriedly I looked about for a place of shelter from the oncoming storm. Above me stretched a solid mass of impenetrable rock, unbroken as far as the eye could reach. Finally I caught sight of a crevasse between two overhanging ledges, and hastily I made for it. It was difficult to squeeze through the narrow crack but when I did, I found myself in a wider passage between two towering cliffs whose peaks almost touched, forming an arch over my head. Cautiously and with difficulty, I picked my way through the

twisted passage and over piles of rock until, suddenly rounding a corner, I came upon a scene which brought me up short with surprise. Just then the clouds parted and the sunlight poured down on the panorama below.

The valley lay like a jewel bathed in radiance. A blue ribbon of river wound lazily through lush green fields where cattle grazed and where I could discern figures of children at play. The river wound its way past small clusters of cottages and finally disappeared in a wood some distance beyond. I raised my eyes from the scene below and gazed in amazement around me. The valley was *completely* surrounded by high mountain crags which rose majestically on all sides. It was a hide-away, cut off from the world. Peaceful valley, untouched and unspoiled by the evils of the world—oblivious to the arts of war! People who knew nothing of the hunger, fear and agony of a world at strife!

For a long time I stared at the scene beneath me until the sun sank over the rim of the mountain. Far below, I could hear the ringing of a vesper bell, calling the men from the fields and the children from their play. Long shadows slanted across the valley, and the wind sank to a whisper in the tree tops.

These people might never learn what lay beyond those jagged mountain peaks. They might go on living their peaceful lives, never knowing the terror of an oppressor's hand.

I turned and wearily made my way back through the hidden passage, back to the petty jealousies and struggles of stupid men—leaving behind me forever the valley of happiness and peace.

MARGOT PETERS, V A—*Fry*

Half fact, half fiction
Will cause much friction.

ANNE CAMERON, VI M
Keller.

THE INCONGRUITIES OF WAR

DINNER was over and everyone had settled back comfortably in his chair. Some of the guests had been talking about the strange things that happened in war, freaks of chance or ridiculous incidents. One member of the party, a senior Canadian army officer, who had just returned from a tour of the battlefronts, added his story to those of the others.

"On a cold, raw, rainy day in November, I found myself in the area known as 'The Island.' This section, lying between and to the west of Njimigen and Arnheim, was flat country surrounded by dykes. It was only a few weeks after I had passed through that the Germans burst these same dykes, flooding the entire area and making necessary an evacuation of the Allied troops. The going was heavy, at first in a staff car, then in a jeep. Finally, when we were in the front line and under observation from the Germans, we proceeded on foot.

I came to a small village which lay parallel to the river on whose banks were the slit trenches of the Allies. There was no sign of life in the village, and as I drew nearer I could see the dead cattle and goats lying around under the dismal grey of the sky. The windows of all the houses were broken; windows that had only a short time before shone and sparkled in the sun as a testimony to the industry of Dutch housewives. Their curtains were blowing and flapping in the wind. Inside the houses the beds were unmade, in one case the rain was pouring in on a Singer sewing machine; they were still as their occupants had left them. The green-houses still had flowers in them although their windows were blasted out too; the provisions were still on the shelves of the grocery store. As a backdrop to this desolation, I could hear the continual ominous rumble of shell fire.

As I walked down the main street, one of the officers with me pointed out a small church whose steeple was used by the artillery as an observation post. The church doors had been blown off, a shell had come through the roof near the entrance and many of the leaded windows had been smashed. In spite of this, the rest of the church was intact, and except for the dust, immaculate. Prayer books were in pews, the altar cloth was on the altar, and candles were ready to be lit. The little church seemed waiting for a service to start.

We mounted a narrow, spiral staircase leading up to the organ loft and from there climbed a couple of rickety ladders into the spire. From there I could see in the foreground below us the brick-plants with their maze of buildings from which the Germans had had to be smoked out one by one. On the river bank was a row of slit trenches without troops in them, and across the river were the German lines. The enemy were entrenched in the big manufacturing plants and buildings and were spread out in the hills and higher ground which lay beyond.

On climbing down again to the organ loft, I was able to get a full view of the interior of the church. It was like a beautiful old painting, having for its frame a carved lattice. It gave an impression of loveliness and peace, in spite of the rain pouring in through the hole in the roof, and the roaring of guns from either side.

Then an apparition appeared in the open doorway—an ancient and much bedraggled goat. He stumped down the aisle, sniffed at the seats, nosed around the altar, snuffled, and with an appraising eye kept on the pews, sauntered back down the aisle. He selected a pew that was to his liking, hopped up into it and calmly squatted there. He then became restless, and wagged his beard fiercely. Finally he settled back, looking for all the world as if he were saying, "Get going; I'm ready."

The incongruities of war!

Suzanne Mess, VI M,
Keller

PRIVATE 5th CLASS CHICKEN K.P. SERGENT

ONE fine day in the middle of the night Sergeant Wolf, taking care not to raise his voice, bawled at Chicken,

"Private 5th Class Chicken, for Sergeant Wolf, report to General Meat who is working in the lab."

"Yes, M'am."

"He wants you immediately, but don't hurry." A half hour later on the previous day Chicken appeared in the lab.

"I want to have a little formal talk with you in which we can say anything we like to each other", said the General. "As you know you're a soldier in training on the battlefields of Europe in New Jersey and I don't like you abusing the privilege of your weekend leave. Doing K.P. duty is not appreciated, so from now on you will please refrain from sweeping the floors and K.P. You may go now, Chicken, and hurry up and get back to your K.P."

"Yes, Ma'am."

He bowed and went out to continue reading his comics. Afterwards he wrote a letter to his father who was an enlisted W.A.C.

Dear Father:

Tomorrow we went on compulsory manœuvres but we didn't have to go if we didn't want to. I didn't, but went out with my girl friend's boy friend.

I'm sorry this is such a long letter, but must go now. Give my love to you.

Without love and affectionately yours,
Private 5th Class Chicken
K.P. Sergeant.

Judy McCulloch, V C
Fry.

MY EXPERIENCE IN THE K-9 CORPS

I WAS lying on my favourite rug in front of the fire, dreaming of the fun I had had romping with my mistress' son before he had gone off to the wars. My master came in from dinner and turned on the radio; it blared; "Don't forget, for America's favourite ice cream run for Bryers, spelled B-R-Y-E-R-S and now an important message from your government. Dogs are urgently needed for the newly founded K-9 Corps. Please enlist all eligible dogs to-day." My master and mistress talked about it all night long and they finally decided to let me go. For a little while I was rather sorry to leave them but then I remembered I would be doing my bit to help in this terrible war.

The next day a station wagon from the depot came and picked me up and after much persuasion I was allowed to go. I was put on a runway with a lot of other dogs who were making a horrible noise. My training began immediately and I soon got used to my new routine.

Weeks of mock raids and exciting work followed. Then came the great day when I and a lot of other Red Cross dogs were shipped overseas. Our exercise went on as usual on board until one day we arrived in a big noisy city, where we were unloaded and driven to another dog camp.

In a couple of weeks we set off and were landed in barges on the coast of Normandy. Red Cross kits were strapped on our backs and, as bullets whined overhead, we struggled up the beach.

We were brought up to the front line and sent out after the wounded. I found twenty-three men during the course of the day and just as we were going back to the improvised kennels I heard a faint cry for help afar off. I broke loose from the rest of the dogs and ran in the direction of the cry. As I drew nearer, I noticed a familiar scent and I could distinguish a man lying entangled between some boulders. I ran up and licked his face for joy—it was my mistress' son. My young master feebly undid my first aid kit and I rushed back for help. I ran up to the first stretcher-bearers I saw and tugged at their trousers. They followed and very soon we were back at the scene of the disaster.

My master lost consciousness and as they were trying to extricate him there was a sudden burst of shell fire and they all slid to the ground. Finally they arrived at the casualty clearing station where my master was taken immediately into the operating room.

Had it not been for me and all my canine comrades, my master and many of our young soldiers would have died.

MARTHA BATE, V C
Fry
JUDY MCCULLOCH, V C
Fry

TOCCY

"BRRING". The door-bell pealed out in the middle of an afternoon in the springtime. Up jumped Toccy, ran around in a circle three times, bumped into the door and snatched a letter from Billywiggs, the messenger-boy. "Whoops!" he cried when he had read it, and jumped up and down on the cat's tail. The cat yelled, and Toccy stopped jumping and began to speak.

"Oh, Cat!" he shouted (it was a habit of his to be very noisy). "We're going to Heyhoville to spend the holidays with my Aunt Matilda! So hurry, Cat, and pack your things!"

Soon the cat had put his milk and his clean night-cap in a paper bag, and Toccy had grabbed three stockings, a shoe, two sweaters and the canary, and they had both started for the bus-stop. When they arrived, they

had to sit down and wait. Toccy began to count the things he had brought.

"One shoe, three stockings, one canary and—Cat!" yelled Toccy. "Cat! There is only one sweater! Go back and get the other one, Cat!"

Back rushed the cat, Toccy close behind him. They soon came upon a green sweater, lying at the side of the road.

"That's it!" cried Toccy, jumping so hard in a mud-puddle that the cat got a shower-bath. "Now let's go back to the bus-stop before we miss the bus!" Back they ran, just in time to see the bus driving up. On they got, and nothing more happened to them until they got to Heyhoville. To get to Aunt Matilda's they had to walk a long way. Soon Toccy got quite tired.

"Let's sit down and rest," he shouted. "Aunt Matilda didn't tell me that she lived so far from the bus-stop!" After they had rested for about half an hour, they started on their way again. They had only gone about three blocks when Toccy turned around and yelled at the cat:

"Where are the other two stockings? I've got only one with me!"

"You must have left them where we sat down to rest," replied the cat, "let's go back and see." So they retraced their steps, and when they arrived there, they saw a red stocking.

"Where's the other one?" cried Toccy.

"Perhaps you dropped it when you were getting off the bus," suggested Cat, "shall we go back and have a look?" Then they went to the bus-stop, and there, lying on the grass, was a pink stocking.

"Now we can go to Aunt Matilda's," said Cat, hurry!" But for the first time in his life, Toccy spoke quietly.

"No, Cat," he said. "It's too dark to find the house. We'll have to sleep on that bench!"

"All right," replied Cat, curling up on one of the sweaters.

"Good-night," called Toccy, trying to cover himself up with a stocking. When morning came, they got up, and began once more to go to Aunt Matilda's. But they had only walked a few steps when the cat shouted:

"Where's my night-cap? I can't find my night-cap".

"Oh my gracious!" cried Toccy. "You must have left it on the bench where we slept!" They went back to the bench, and there was the night-cap.

"Thank goodness!" sighed Cat. "It was my best one. But now we must rush to Aunt Matilda's house! We were supposed to be there yesterday morning!"

They hurried on, and soon the house came in sight.

"Here we are!" panted Toccy, running up the path. They rang the door-bell, but there was no answer. They rang again, and this time Mrs. Hifflepump, who lived next door, stuck her head out of her bed-room window.

"Your aunt went off to Sandy-on-the-Sea yesterday," she said. "She was going to take you with her, but when you didn't arrive she went on alone."

Poor Cat and Toccy! They were so disappointed. But perhaps the next time they are invited out for a visit they will remember to pack their things neatly and safely in a suit-case. I think they will have a much nicer time if they do.

SHELAH NOLAN V B
Nightingale

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We are grateful to Gordon Fishel of Ashbury college for his snapshot of the Elmwood-Ashbury V-E Day service.

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Betty Caldwell—Eng. Comp. C; Trig. C.

Joan Paterson—English Comp. 2; English Lit. 2; Algebra, 2; Geometry, C; Trig. C; Botany, 3; Zoology, 3; French Comp. 2; French authors, 2.

Middle School

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Katherine Beardmore—English, 1; French, 1; Spanish, 1.

Betty Caldwell—Mod. History, 2; Latin, C.

Janet Caldwell—English, 2; Mod. Hist. 1; Geometry, 3; Chemistry, C.

Anna Cameron—Ancient History, 1.

Pauline Coulson—Ancient History, 3.

Lois Davidson—English, 1; Mod. Hist. 1; Algebra, 3; Geometry, 2; Latin, 1; French, 2; Spanish, 2.

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Janet Caldwell—Zoo. C.

Lois Davidson—Eng. Comp. 3; Eng. Lit. C; Mod. Hist. 1; Lat. Auth. C; Lat. Comp. 3; Fr. Auth. 3; Fr. Comp. 2, Span. Auth. 1; Span. Comp. 2.

Janet Edwards—Eng. Comp. C; Eng. Lit. 2; Mod. Hist. 1; Alg. C; Trig. C; Bot. 3; Zoo. 2; Chem. 3; Fr. Auth. 2; Fr. Comp. 2.

Ruth Osler—Eng. Comp. C; Eng. Lit. C; Mod. Hist. 2; Geom. C; Trig. C; Lat. Auth. C; Lat. Comp. 2; Fr. Auth. 3; Fr. Comp. 1.

Paula Peters—Eng. Comp. 3; Eng. Lit. C; Trig. C; Bot. C; Zoo. 3; Fr. Auth. 3; Fr. Comp. 2; Span. Auth. 2; Span. Comp. C.

Cynthia Powell—Eng. Comp. 3; Eng. Lit. C; Trig. C; Bot. C; Zoo. 2; Lat. Auth. C; Lat. Comp. 2; Fr. Auth. 2; Fr. Comp. 1.

Elizabeth Wyatt—Eng. Comp. 2; Fr. Comp. C.

Middle School

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Janet Caldwell—Alg. 3; Fr. C; Lat. 3.

Anna Cameron—Eng. 1; Mod. Hist. 2; Fr. 1; Lat. 1; Ger. 1.

Barbara Christmas—Anc. Hist. 3.

Pauline Coulson—Eng. C; Mod. Hist. 2; Fr. 3; Lat. 3; Ger. C.

Annabelle Godfrey—Mod. Hist. 2; Chem. C; Fr. 3.

Stephanie Hale—Eng. 1; Mod. Hist. 2; Chem. 1; Fr. 1; Lat. 3.

Isabelle Hamilton—Eng. 3; Mod. Hist. 3.

Peggy Huestis—Eng. C; Mod. Hist. C; Anc. Hist. C; Fr. C.

Joan Huestis—Anc. Hist. C.

Jane MacKeen—Eng. 2; Alg. C; Phys. 3; Chem 2, Fr. 3.

Philippa McLaren—Eng. 1; Mod. Hist. 1; Geom. 2; Fr. 1; Lat. 1; Ger. 1.

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Suzanne Mess—Eng. 1; Mod. Hist. 2; Alg. 1; Chem. C; Geom. C; Fr. 2; Lat. 3.

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